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blazing light sprung up and seemed to dance about the bush with great rapidity; this put them to a stand. James said, "In God's name we'll see what it is;" but they had not gone more than a few steps when something clad in white stepped on the road, giving a wild unearthly scream; and just opposite to them they heard another still more terrific. James's philosophy instantly forsook him; and both took to their heels back to the town; but still, as they ventured to peep round, they saw the white ghost, and the light following, till they came opposite Feehoge, where the apparition and light glided down a dark avenue, and disappeared. Over-exertion and terror made them now slacken their pace; but they soon renewed it, on hearing a foot coming fast behind them; they stopped, however, on hearing a human voice cry out, "If you are Christians or men, I entreat you to stand, for I am frightened out of my senses by a ghost." This person soon joined them; and, to their great joy, they found it was Jamie Irons, the barber of Randalstown, who declared he would faint, or perhaps die, unless he would soon get a glass of whiskey. This he was promised, as they were now at the head of the town. They came to the same inn, called for a pint of spirits, of which Jamie got a large share, and related to the amazed inmates their strange adventure—Irons confirming it by declaring, that as he was coming up Feehoge avenue, a white woman or ghost, followed by a blazing light, passed him, and afterwards glided, without any noise, through the orchard-hedge.

The whiskey soon restored their wasted spirits; and Janie seeing no chance of any more liquor coming in, began to remark that it would be a pity Harry should be detained in town all night. That as there were now three of them, he proposed they should go to Drumarory, and see Harry past; offering himself as a *vidette*. To this they agreed; and, taking another glass, they set off: Irons, as he promised, being some perches in advance. They soon arrived at the bush—but nothing was to be seen or heard, save the distant swells and falls of the river Main: so leaving Harry on the top of Drumarory Brae, the two returned to town. Harry being now in full spirits, and, as he thought, out of all danger, began to grow quite courageous—swearing that he could beat any fellow who durst oppose him on the road—nor was he afraid of the very Old Boy. The whiskey was now taking full effect. In this way he went on till he reached Seymour's-bridge, a mile out of town, where there was, and still ought to be, a school-house; against the gable of which he leaned himself, in order to rest; when, looking towards the west, across the road, he saw on the height opposite, a man, in the attitude of challenging him to fight! Harry instantly stepped on the road, ordered him to come down, and keep less vapouring, or he would soon make him repent it; to this the man seemed to pay no attention, but still kept taunting him as formerly. At this, Harry losing all patience, made a race at him; but forgetting there was an old gravel-pit, generally full of water, on a level with the road, and directly opposite, he plunged into it over head and ears, and would probably have been drowned had he not been providentially rescued by a young man coming down the road at the time, who heard the plunge. When brought out, he could hardly be persuaded that what he took for a man in the attitude of fighting was nothing but a large *rag-wort* waving in the wind. He, however, resolved, in future, never to be drunk after night in Randalstown, or stay there late, which resolution he faithfully kept till the day of his death.

The story of the ghost and the two smiths passed current in the town and country; and was firmly believed by almost every one; and there are still some people living in that neighbourhood, who would yet vouch for its authenticity; but the truth is, Jamie Irons, as he informed the writer, was the ghost himself: he was, perhaps, the greatest man for tricks of this sort, ever bred in the county of Antrim; and, though his countenance was indicative of nothing but wisdom, and the utmost gravity, so that he was seldom seen to smile, yet he was of a most playful and merry disposition, and delighted in humbugging every one that he knew was self-conceited or too opinionative. On the night mentioned, he was sitting at the inn's kitchen-fire; and, when James Walker so fre-

quently protested that he feared no ghost or evil spirit, he resolved to put his courage to a fair trial. Getting, therefore, a white sheet, a keenoge,* and a bunch of splinters of bog-fir, such as is used by fishers at night, he proceeded before the two smiths to Drumarory; and, with the assistance of a person he brought for the purpose, performed, as can be easily imagined, the above deception on the blacksmiths.

J. G.

Ballymena.

THE CHIEF OF CLANAWLY.†

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

There's a feast in the hall where Clanawly's chief dwells,
And waking of wild harps, and sounding of shells;
Unclasp'd are the helmets—the wavy plumes now
Bend graceful no more o'er the warrior's brow;
The chiefs are all waiting—did any behold
The princely M'Auliff, proud lord of the wold?

The night breeze sings cold o'er Clonfert's ancient tomb,
Daloo ripples dark in his wavy woods' gloom;
The guests are impatient—"M'Auliff doth hunt
The red mountain deer as a chieftain is wont,
Or urging the chase of the wolf from the plain
To his lair in the cliff, does M'Auliff remain?"

Ah, no! for his tall dogs in idleness howl;
Beyond them the gaunt wolf may fearlessly prowl;
The long hunting spear, and the loud hunting horn,
No more in the chase o'er the wide heath are borne:
For the chase of the grey wolf, or red mountain deer,
Doth least in the thoughts of the chieftain appear.

For Ellen, the heiress of all that divide
The bank of Daloo from the Allo's loud tide,

* *Keenoge* or *Cunee*, is a turf-coal, rolled tightly in tow or flax, so that you may carry it a long way in your pocket without its kindling; but when opened out to the air, it instantly becomes, as it were, alive again, and will kindle any combustible.

† Castle M'Auliff, the seat of the chiefs of Clanawly, rose on the bank of the river Daloo, to the left of the road leading from Newmarket to Millstreet, and about a mile from the former. It was a strong building, and towered proudly on a tall cliff that overhung the stream; but the ruin which time and the fire of the invader failed in accomplishing, modern vandalism has completed; and its grass-grown foundations can now hardly be traced. M'Auliff's territory was a mountainous tract, and it yet bears the name of "M'Auliff's dark Mountains." The last lord of Clanawly was attainted in the rebellion of 1641, with M'Donough of Kanturk, prince of Duhallow, whose uncle M'Auliff was. The popular legends of this race are very curious. M'Auliff, the legend concerning whom we have attempted to portray, rescued the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring chieftain from the "power of fairy," in the manner related in the text; and a wild and spell-bound destiny seems to have awaited his posterity by that lady, whom he afterwards married. His son on a certain day, overpowered by the fatigues of the chase, lay down to rest upon the margin of a clear well, which is yet shown as you enter Newmarket from the west: he drank of the water, and falling asleep, awoke in some hours greatly endued with the spirit of prophecy. These prophecies he uttered in Irish verse—they are yet preserved among the peasantry of Duhallow, and are extremely curious. In one of them, with a mournful prescience, he alludes to the extinction of his own race. This was fulfilled about the year 1828, by the death of a well-known character in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, called John M'Auliffe the Active, the last of that noble line: he spent a poor, precarious life—a wanderer in the extensive territory of his ancestors. Meelan, the daughter, I believe, of the last chief of Clanawly, was, on her wedding night, conveyed by supernatural agency to a tall cliff on the right bank of the Daloo, over against the ruined church of Clonfert. A huge excavation in the steep hill bears her name, and the peasantry affirm, that often, while the shadows of night are falling fast around, her plaintive tones of lament are heard to wake the echoes that sleep round the rock of her enchantment.

Is dead. Oh! bethink ye that bosom's dismay,
Which consigns all it loves to the cold reptile's sway:
And never did Love's brilliant fetter entwine
More true heart's, M'Auliff, than Ellen's and thine!

There's wringing of hands—and the mourner's shrill cry,
And the wild *ullalu* of the keener are high;
And the handmaids have strew'd early flowers on the grave
Where Kilcorcoran's alders in solitude wave:
But an old, hoary wizard of visions hath told
A tale which the chieftain forbears to unfold!

And whispers are heard, that fair Ellen survives
Where spells of the fairy bind enchanted lives—
That the bier where the mourners had pour'd their despair,
Held nought but the semblance of young Ellen there!
I wist not what tale did the grey wizard tell—
The breast of the chief holds it closely and well.

But nightly, since Ellen was wrapt in her shroud,
Though the lightning may gleam and the fierce storm be loud,
And though Daloo's dark water his green valley fills,
Increas'd by the streams of his cloud-cover'd hills,
Through blue flash, wild tempest, and wilder wave's flight,
He seeks yon lone crag on the pine-covered height.

There's a feast in the hall—but he climbs the rude steep
When the shadows of darkness are silent and deep;
The breeze that had swept yonder home of the dead,
Was bending the pine on that peak's rugged head,
Where rose through the gloom, on his wonder-struck eye,
A palace where fairies hold festival high!

The essence of all that gives colour to light,
Did with treasures of earth in that structure unite;
And the spirit of music, exalted, refin'd,
Like a spell, round the heart of the listener entwined,
As he enter'd the portal, and pass'd on to where
Gay pleasure was reigning—for woman was there!

And wine-bowls of brightness the banquet did crown;
In mantle and mail sat old chiefs of renown.
The white bearded harper's wild melody rings,
While the fierce *Eye of Battle** arose on the strings,
And shouts of the brave from the mail-covered throng,
Came blent o'er the board with that wild battle song!

There were bright eyes of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
And maids that were *stolen* long ages ago;
And sen-nymphs that came from their home in the main;
And fairies of ocean, and fays of the plain;
But the chieftain's eye wander'd the bright circle round
In search of young Ellen—and Ellen it found!

The voice of the harp and the hero had fled,
When the mortal appear'd at the feast of the dead;
But one who in stature resembled a god,
Cried, "Welcome, O chief, to the crystal abode!"
"Thrice welcome, M'Auliff!" the banquet guests cried.
"Thrice welcome, M'Auliff!" the echoes replied.

And he who in stature resembled a god,
To the lord of Clanawly right courteously strode,
And led him to where stood a canopied throne,
That with gold and rich jewels all gloriously shone;
Then signed to the harper, who sweetly and well,
Poured the charm of his voice with the clarseach's soft spell.

"All hail, potent lord of Clanawly!—to thee
Thy home long be sacred, thy mountains be free;
May the falchion, thy fathers to victory bore,
Flash vengeance on tyrants till thralldom be o'er."

* *Ross Catha*, or the *Eye of Battle*, was a warlike air, to the music of which the warriors moved to the fight. It was likewise in high repute at the festive meetings of the chiefs; and, it is said, that its thrilling notes were capable of rousing their military ardour to the highest pitch of excitement.

The heroes are met, at the clarseach's loud call,
To share the glad feast, in the banquetting hall;
But often they gather'd, in mantle and mail,
At glory's proud call, for the right of the Gail.

These red bowls of brightness, our banquet-guests drain,
In flavour exceed the famed boir* of the Dane;
And the chiefs of Kincora ne'er honoured such wine,
As o'er this glad board pours its current divine.

We've maidens like those whose thrice-beautiful eyes,
Lur'd angels to earth, from their home in the skies;
And voices are here, at whose magical will
The tempests of ocean were silent and still.

With the fair and the brave share the banquet of joy,
With music and wine the glad moments employ;
And sirens of sweetness shall warble for thee,
In this hall of our feasting, their songs of the sea.

Then hail, potent lord of Clanawly! to thee
Thy home long be sacred, thy mountains be free;
May the falchion, thy fathers to victory bore,
Flash vengeance on tyrants till thralldom be o'er."

M'Auliff then rose, to the brave and the bright:
"In the hall of Clanawly there's feasting to night;†
To stay in your palace, that banquet to shun,
My fathers would blush for the shame of their son.
I'll dance but one measure, then quickly retire,
To head the glad feast in the home of my sire."

He bow'd to young Ellen—she blush'd, and looked down;
Some beauties grew pale, and some maidens did frown.
Such graceful young dancers 'twere seldom to see,
His stature so noble—so beauteous was she.
"High Heaven defend us," he whispering said,
"There's danger, dear maid, in this measure we tread!"

As quick gleam their steps on the diamond-paved floor,
One hand grasps the lady—they rush to the door—
And one the black dagger,‡ whose spell-rendering steel
The power of faery would tremble to feel!
Then clasps his fond maid in his ardent embrace,
And, gaining the portal, escapes from the place.

There were rushing of lady and chief from the hall
And wailing and woe, would the bravest appal;
But the cock's sudden clarion gave notice of day,
And the hall and the fairy-guests faded away.
So constant in love, and in danger so bold,
Have ye heard of a chief like the lord of the Wold?

* Tradition affirms that the Danes made a delicious intoxicating liquor, called Boir, of the mountain heath. Kincora, the residence of Brien Boro, on the bank of the Shannon, was celebrated for its wine-cellars; and, when the peasantry would assure you of a hearty welcome to their fire-side, they say, in their expressive manner, "were ours the boir of the Dane and the wine of Kincora, they should be poured for you."

† To eat or drink at such feasts as this would be the arrest way of subjecting himself to fairy spells; and M'Auliff was, doubtless, glad of a fair excuse for evading such influence.

‡ The *Skien Dhu* or black dagger, had irresistible power over the strongest enchantments: its efficacy, even to this day, in destroying fairy spells and killing ghosts, is most devoutly believed; and, to use a phrase of Lord Byron's, "most incredibly attested."

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